

The Horse.

OFF HIS BASE.

Under the above heading, in the January number of *Wallace's Monthly*, a correspondent takes occasion to ridicule the proposed attempt of Senator Palmer to produce a new type of the horse by breeding Percheron mares to Arab stallions. What the writer says may be all true—part of it we know to be so—but all the same Senator Palmer has an undoubted right to put to a practical test the theories he has long entertained with regard to the breeding of improved horses. He is doing it at his own cost and in his own way. He has not formed a joint stock company and sold shares, or attempted to make a monopoly of the business by forming an "Arab-Percheron trust." We give the remarks of the correspondent so as to see how the results of Senator Palmer's theories agree with those of the correspondent. It is the unexpected which happens, say the French, and it is just as well to await a practical demonstration as to quarrel over theories. There is one thing this correspondent neglects, or forgets to say, and that is that there is not a family of the horse in existence which cannot or has not been improved by the thoroughbred, a horse bred from the Arab. This correspondent may rest assured that Senator Palmer is not a fool, and where he is known is credited with a keenness of foresight which has enabled him to keep close to the head of the procession in all kinds of company. But here is what the correspondent says:

"The novelists who work the Arabian horse, with its unapproachable beauty and mysterious spirit, into their romances are responsible for a great deal."

"There is something about the conventional Arab of fiction that is captivating, and once a man gets the Arab he badly in his bonnet, his horse sense, if he ever had any, deserts him. Witness Mr. Randolph Huntington."

"The latest subject that the Arab theory has carried 'off his base' is no less a personage than Senator Palmer, of Michigan."

"The Senator, it appears, is already an extensive breeder of Percherons, French drafts and such coarse varieties of beasts of burden. In contradistinction from the coarseness of his Percherons, he has no doubt pondered over the fineness of the Arab breed, of whose in-lash flights across the arid wastes, carrying on his back the very Mohammedan, gritty with the sands of the desert, the literary feller's 'no' is innocently. So this prominent 'Michigan' has conceived the brilliant idea of mating the quick with the sluggish—the *peddle* with the gross—the Arab with the Percheron, and thus founding 'a new and better breed.' This is no rash impulse, for we are not assured that the Senator has given the subject of breeding a study of a month. If a school-boy were to master the initial rudiments of the law of generation, he would know too much to attempt any such foolishness as breeding to extremes to get a 'happy medium,' and if this same school-boy were to study the form and capacities of the Percheron, and then the form and capacities of the Arabian, he would be very apt to call the man a fool who would want the product of a cross between them."

"To be wholly plain, it would matter whether a man has 'studied breeding' all his life, and at the same time had spare time enough to work into the Senate, or whether he has been ignorant of the words 'happy medium' and 'if this same school-boy' he were to study the form and capacities of the Percheron, and then the form and capacities of the Arabian, he would be very apt to call the man a fool who would want the product of a cross between them."

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"A. Keene Richards, a Kentucky horseman of lofty aspirations, got the Arab theory into his head to the extent that as the runner came from the Arab, the way to improve the runner was to go back to Arab blood. Mr. Richards studied the Arabian horse in his own clime, kept with him in the desert, and the guide and the language of the Mus ulman, and learned from the lips and practice of the sons of the desert of the character of the horse of romance. He spent a fortune and blasted a lifetime trying to breed race-horses from Arabs, but on the race-track they uniformly failed; and after he died his stud went into a sheriff's hands."

"In England Sir Wilfred Scawen Blount traveled the same road. With Lady Blount, granddaughter of Lord Byron, to whom doubtless the romance was charming, he traveled in Arabia, studied the Arab, and brought some of the purest Arabians back to England to breed race-horses from. As Mr. Richards' case, they have been beaten on every course on which they ever started. Sir Wilfred's Arabs have been dismal failures. Note the difference between the Arab of story and the Arab in the stern realities of life."

"But, utter failures as they were, the theories of Richards and Blount are rational compared with this 'fad' of Senator Palmer's. Both of these gentlemen knew too much about breeding to resort to violent crosses. They were breeding at least with the same kind, they were crossing the same general type, and could thus breed equine beauties, though of course lacking in racing capacity."

"The typical Arab horse is simply a magnificent pony, and the offspring of a fine, little 14-hand mare and clumsy 17-hand Percheron, or vice versa, would naturally be a misshapen, useless beast. This is not a matter of speculation—it is a demonstrated result of natural law."

"But Senator Palmer has sent his man after the Arabs and startling results may be looked for, and now suppose the impossible—suppose by mating the opposites he should strike the happy medium, with all the virtues of both—what would his horses be good for? Their Perch-perch blood would be very good on the turf—neither would their Arab blood. They wouldn't trot, because Percheron strains are not sensational sources of trotting speed, and Arab trotters exist only in the perverted fancies of deluded cranks. The Percheron-Arab wouldn't be a very good draft-horse, for the Percheron himself is not the best at that, and at least ever since the Goldolphin Arab protested against the Parisian draft, the Arab hasn't taken kindly to shays. Of course the king of the desert wouldn't descend to the servile tasks of plow and cart, and even the ambitious blood of the lymphatic Percheron would not drag him down to that. (We don't know this from experience, but if we are wrong, Mr. R. Huntington can correct us. He is the owner of Linden Tree—famous Arab.)"

"We don't want any new types of horses. We have the trotter, the runner, the light-harness horse, the coacher, the draft, and while there may be room to improve on all these types, the way to do it is not by introducing blood of imaginary capacity, or by mixing of kinds, but by improving each kind within itself. The Percheron-Arab is not wanted—he would not fill a 'long-felt want'—and even his coming will not disturb the occupation of the noble mule."

"Senator Palmer, of Michigan, should interview Senator Stockbridge, of Michigan, and learn something about breeding high-class American horses."

"During the past year 1,245 head of trotting blood were sold at public auction in Kentucky for \$395,075, while private sales will foot up at least that much more, one breeding establishment alone having realized over \$50,000 on the sales of trotting colts and fillies in 1887."

Horse Gossip.

J. P. HAGGIN, the California turfman, is thinking of taking a stable of runners to Australia the coming season.

Trotting bred horses have sold higher the past year, taking the average prices obtained than ever before.

On the night of January 10th a fire in the horse barns of the Meriden, Conn., horse railway company destroyed eighty horses.

O. W. PAINSELL, of Flushing, Genesee County, breeder and importer of Clydesdales, recently sold ten imported stallions to Ohio parties for an average of \$1,500 each.

JOHN CAVENDISH and A. I. Barber, of Mason, Ingham Co., have purchased from Herman Fenzel a yearling filly sired by Mr. Barber's Greenbacks, dam by Trophy. Price paid to be \$200. The filly is represented to be very promising.

The trotting stallion Gerald Goldus: killed himself recently in a singular manner. He was separated from another stallion by a plank partition nine feet high. He attempted to get over this by leaping, struck his jaw on the top of the partition, while his nose was caught and held by a rafter, breaking his neck.

The South Americans are very anxious to get trotting bred stallions, but the trouble of getting them seriously interferes with the demand. If there were a line of American steamships between New York and Buenos Ayres, a large trade could be developed with very little trouble. The same is true in regard to Mexican sheep, and Shorthorn and Hereford cattle.

At the last State Fair the entries in the various classes of horses numbered 445, divided as follows: Cleveland Bay and other coach horses, 7; thoroughbreds, 15; all gent, 110; roadsters, 35; breeders' stock, 33; gent, driving horses, 24; Clydesdales and English draft horses, 44; Norman Percheron and other French draft horses, 14; draft horses (not registered), 28; carriage and buggy roadster mares and geldings (standard), 23; stallions, mares and geldings under saddle, 3; sweepstakes for stallion with five of get, 19. The amount offered in premiums was \$3,388, and the average aggregate \$2,458. The horses shown were all from Michigan.

The Cleveland Bay Horse Company, of Paw-law, Mich., have sold to James Segrave, Eaton Rapids, their Cleveland Bay stallion, Young Recruit 675 of English C. B. Stud Book. Young Recruit was purchased by this company in the spring of 1886, and has proven himself one of the most successful and best sires of this popular breed of horses. His sires are models of form and action of this breed, and sell readily at \$100, with larger prices asked. They will weigh at maturity from 1,150 to 1,300 pounds, and stand 16 hands on an average, from common mares.

This horse was imported in 1885 by Field Brothers, of Iowa, and has received frequent notice through various agricultural papers as a beautiful horse. The farmers of Eaton County will not fail to appreciate their opportunity to secure some of his colts.

GEORGE E. BROWN & CO. announce that it has been decided to close the present partnership under which they have been doing a most successful business for many years. The "C. O." Mr. Chas. A. Brown, of Portland, Me., finding his large manufacturing interests in the East require his undivided attention, and the managing partner, Geo. E. Brown, not caring to continue the business on the immense scale the firm has been doing, they have decided to close out the large stock by April 1st, and to this end will quote very attractive prices to intending buyers. This firm is too well known to our readers to require extended comment from us. When it is considered that at the time Geo. E. Brown commenced this business fourteen years ago, Cleveland Bay and English Shire horses and Holstein cattle were scarcely known in this country; that when locating at Elgin in 1875, one carload constituted his entire stock in trade; and that now the stables and yards of this firm occupy more than ten acres of ground, and 500 acres of rich prairie afford but little more than pasture for their breeding and growing stock, it will readily be conceded that their selections must have been of the best, and that these now popular breeds have succeeded a decided want in this country. Were anything further necessary to emphasize the success of Messrs. Brown & Co., it is found in the fact that their stock has always been at the front when exhibited at agricultural fairs, and in several instances nearly swept the board of prizes in spite of the strongest competition. Shrewd buyers wanting first-class stock will not let this opportunity to supply themselves go by. We advise them to send at once for illustrated pamphlet and full particulars. See their new advertisement—*Aurora Beacon*.

Butcher's time is truly something to be dreaded by the farmer who has no special appliances for the work. It is usually performed on the farm by main force and sheer dead lifting (no pun intended). The old time barrel and platform still hold sway. This is bad enough, but the plan, or rather lack of plan, in hanging up is still worse.

Some lean a notched rail up against the side of a building, and rest the gambrel stick in the notch, lifting the hog up to the desired height to do so. This is no boy's play with a 400 pound hog. Some rig a tripod of three rails, bound together with a chain at the top, with an end hanging down to attach to the gambrel stick. The hog is attached between this is raised, and it takes some pretty good lifting with a big hog, and a man at each leg of the tripod (that is, I mean to say that the hog hangs in the tripod), and a man lifts at each end of the tripod. And ten to one the chain binds and the thing has to be lowered and fixed before the hanging is accomplished. These and various other ways are resorted to in hanging up hogs.

Now it takes but a few hours' work and a very little material to put up a convenient arrangement for hanging up porkers. Set four posts eight or nine feet high from the ground. Set them say in the form of a square, perhaps six feet apart or across the side. All around the top of this square shoulder into the posts a piece or pieces of 2x8 inch hard, stout wood. Have some books made to hang the gambrel sticks into, and drop them over the upper edge of these pieces on one or two sides, as the number of hogs to be hung up may demand in the way of space. On one side of this frame have a lever suspended from one of the hard wood pieces, something as the arm of the old-fashioned steelyard is suspended from the hook. Let the long end of the lever hang out from under the frame, and the short end to which the hog is to be attached hang in toward the center of the enclosure. The platform on which the hogs are scraped should be up against one side of this frame. The short end of the lever is swung that way, to the end of which a hook should also be attached, the gambrel stick dropped into

it, and one man at the outer end will swing it up and around to the desired place on the frame. It can be swung from one side to the other as occasion may require, and the gambrel stick dropped into any hook on the frame.—*W. D. Boynton, in the National Stockman*.

The Farmer as a Wool Grower.

A correspondent of the *Farm and Home* attributes the failure of many farmers in raising sheep to their lack of knowledge on the subject. "The real trouble is," he says, "that few men know how to manage their flocks, or even if they know they fail to put their knowledge into practice. In many cases the treatment of flocks seems to indicate that the farmer thinks that sheep, like weeds, will grow without care or cultivation; and so they will—and be about as valuable as weeds. Sheep will live on very rough food and endure a good deal of exposure, and certainly they get about all they can stand of both at the hands of the common farmer. Upon the other hand, no animal will respond more freely to kind treatment and good food than sheep. But neglect seems to be the great drawback to the farmer as a wool grower; and because sheep fail to give returns under such treatment they are pronounced unworthy. The average fleece of wool does not weigh over four pounds, and the average sheep does not yield more than fifty pounds of mutton, and that of an inferior quality. What if by improvement these fleeces should be raised to ten or even eight pounds and the growth of mutton to seventy-five pounds? The difference in dollars and cents in the farmer's pocket would make him look with some degree of favor upon his flock, besides the pleasure in knowing that he had done something in the way of progression. Improvement is the one thing necessary in our flocks. Not that every farmer should have all thoroughbreds. That would not be profitable to all; but grade up the flock by the selection of the best common ewes and the purchase of thoroughbred bucks. A few extra dollars invested in a good buck will be returned greatly multiplied in the enhanced value of the lambs. No man can afford to disregard the quality of the buck he uses. My experience with sheep has taught me that they are profitable. Where farmers size their flocks according to their farms and facilities for caring for them they can't fail to reap reasonable rewards."

Agricultural Items.

The farmers of the country use 35,000 tons of twine annually on their self-binding harvesters.

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A MICHIGAN Farmers' Club answered in the affirmative the question whether it paid "to weigh the grain in and out of mill." If millers who have tried the plan would speak, we have no doubt that they would unanimously agree that it paid to clean a sample of the farmer's wheat before offering him a price on it.—*American Miller*.

THE American Cultivator, in an article on the "Habit of Wheat Growth," states that a good judge of wheat or other grain can tell much about its probable productivity by the way it starts to growing. A little check at first is no detriment. It stops the upward growth, while in most cases the root is gaining strength and preparing for still greater efforts. Even the perils of winter are not injurious to wheat, the average yield of the winter variety being greater than that of wheat that has been bred to grow in the spring. The reason probably is that where wheat does not winter-kill the repression in winter of its top causes the root to tiller more in the spring. All kinds of spring grain are better for early sowing, not alone because they mature earlier, but because they experience enough cold to induce the plants to tiller more than they would if allowed to grow unchecked from the first.

THE Ontario Poultry and Pet Stock Show.

The Ontario Poultry and Pet Stock Association held a very successful exhibition at London, Ont., January 10th to 13th. Some 1200 birds were on exhibition, and in some of the classes the specimens were of unusual merit. The most notable feature of the exhibition, to one from the States, was the number and excellence of the exhibits in the Dorking and Polish classes. In the former, some seventy-five birds were on exhibition, and as we looked them over we could not restrain an expression of wonder that these fowls are not raised more extensively in the States. Certainly in beauty of feathers and carriage, in size of body and excellence of flesh as well as in the production of eggs, these birds compare most favorably with any, and would seem to be the ideal general purpose fowl. We were assured by a number of those who raised them and had also extensive experience

with other birds, that they are as hardy as any. Why then should not our farmers introduce them more fully? The Polish in all classes were very fine, each showing its peculiarity of feathering and color to a remarkable degree. The colored Wyandottes and Plymouth Rocks were well represented, but we think they hardly equaled those exhibited in the States. The white strains of both these breeds were represented by a few good specimens. In Asiatics, the Brahmans were not up to our American exhibits but Cochins were in large numbers and better quality, and Leghorns both brown and white, were in large numbers and of very fine. There was a large exhibit of pigeons. The society holds its next exhibition at St. Catharines. We were glad to note that the first premium birds in Partridge Cochins, Black Spanish and Dorkings, were sold to go to Michigan.

Modes of Preserving Eggs.

Prof. Jas. Long writes as follows in the *Mark Lane Express*: "There is an important matter in connection with the poultry yard which farmers and egg producers of all kinds would do well to study. For the past few years prizes have been offered at the London Dairy Show and at the Birmingham Show for preserved eggs, which it is necessary should have been preserved in a particular compound, the name of which is stated three months before they are opened in the exhibition. There has been no such decided success hitherto as that attained by lime and salt. I have had the advantage of going through the preserved egg classes with Mr. Tegetmeyer, the judge of the dairy show, and of seeing every sample opened, and although there have been a large number of entries, there can be no question as to the perfection of preserving in lime water and salt, though several other articles have been used for the purpose. It is strange to note that although many exhibitors employed both lime and salt, these are prepared in a different manner. I have in past years observed that eggs have repeatedly failed when they have been packed in salt, and it is evident it was on account of their being imperfectly packed. As the result of the competition Mr. Tegetmeyer is of opinion, and from what I have repeatedly seen I can endorse what he says, that when salt is used it is advisable to obtain a box in which the bottom is screwed on. A layer of an inch of salt is followed by a layer of eggs packed closely together, but not touching each other. These are again covered with a layer of dry salt, well pressed in and followed by another layer of eggs, and so on till the top is reached, care being taken that the salt is perfectly dry throughout, and that it is thoroughly well pressed in the box. When the box is filled the lid is fixed, and when it is necessary to commence to use the eggs the bottom of the box is unscrewed, and the stalest taken out first. When lime is adopted as a preservative, a different course must be pursued from that which has been common. It has been the custom to recommend a thick mixture of lime and water, or lime cream, but it is found in practice that the eggs become so firmly imbedded in the lime that it is frequently difficult or even impossible to take them out; and as there is no advantage in using a large quantity of lime, for the water can take up only a certain proportion, it is found preferable to simply drop the eggs into lime water such as would be made from a mixture of a good handful of lime to a gallon of water. In preserving, it is better to use a large vessel than a small one, and all should if possible be of earthenware, the mouth being perfectly sealed, and made air-tight when the vessel is filled. The numerous systems of preserving with mixtures containing salt and lime, besides tartaric acid and oil, are all inferior to the methods referred to. One other system, however, appears to succeed. It is that of packing the eggs in sweet bran boxes which are turned once every week. In some instances sawdust is used for packing eggs which have been dipped in some preserving composition, but although they are preserved, a flavor is conveyed to the white corresponding to that of the material in which they are packed."

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with other birds, that they are as hardy as any. Why then should not our farmers introduce them more fully? The Polish in all classes were very fine, each showing its peculiarity of feathering and color to a remarkable degree. The colored Wyandottes and Plymouth Rocks were well represented, but we think they hardly equaled those exhibited in the States. The white strains of both these breeds were represented by a few good specimens. In Asiatics, the Brahmans were not up to our American exhibits but Cochins were in large numbers and better quality, and Leghorns both brown and white, were in large numbers and of very fine. There was a large exhibit of pigeons. The society holds its next exhibition at St. Catharines. We were glad to note that the first premium birds in Partridge Cochins, Black Spanish and Dorkings, were sold to go to Michigan.

Modes of Preserving Eggs.

Prof. Jas. Long writes as follows in the *Mark Lane Express*: "There is an important matter in connection with the poultry yard which farmers and egg producers of all kinds would do well to study. For the past few years prizes have been offered at the London Dairy Show and at the Birmingham Show for preserved eggs, which it is necessary should have been preserved in a particular compound, the name of which is stated three months before they are opened in the exhibition. There has been no such decided success hitherto as that attained by lime and salt. I have had the advantage of going through the preserved egg classes with Mr. Tegetmeyer, the judge of the dairy show, and of seeing every sample opened, and although there have been a large number of entries, there can be no question as to the perfection of preserving in lime water and salt, though several other articles have been used for the purpose. It is strange to note that although many exhibitors employed both lime and salt, these are prepared in a different manner. I have in past years observed that eggs have repeatedly failed when they have been packed in salt, and it is evident it was on account of their being imperfectly packed. As the result of the competition Mr. Tegetmeyer is of opinion, and from what I have repeatedly seen I can endorse what he says, that when salt is used it is advisable to obtain a box in which the bottom is screwed on. A layer of an inch of salt is followed by a layer of eggs packed closely together, but not touching each other. These are again covered with a layer of dry salt, well pressed in and followed by another layer of eggs, and so on till the top is reached, care being taken that the salt is perfectly dry throughout, and that it is thoroughly well pressed in the box. When the box is filled the lid is fixed, and when it is necessary to commence to use the eggs the bottom of the box is unscrewed, and the stalest taken out first. When lime is adopted as a preservative, a different course must be pursued from that which has been common. It has been the custom to recommend a thick mixture of lime and water, or lime cream, but it is found in practice that the eggs become so firmly imbedded in the lime that it is frequently difficult or even impossible to take them out; and as there is no advantage in using a large quantity of lime, for the water can take up only a certain proportion, it is found preferable to simply drop the eggs into lime water such as would be made from a mixture of a good handful of lime to a gallon of water. In preserving, it is better to use a large vessel than a small one, and all should if possible be of earthenware, the mouth being perfectly sealed, and made air-tight when the vessel is filled. The numerous systems of preserving with mixtures containing salt and lime, besides tartaric acid and oil, are all inferior to the methods referred to. One other system, however, appears to succeed. It is that of packing the eggs in sweet bran boxes which are turned once every week. In some instances sawdust is used for packing eggs which have been dipped in some preserving composition, but although they are preserved, a flavor is conveyed to the white corresponding to that of the material in which they are packed."

THE Ontario Poultry and Pet Stock Show.

The Ontario Poultry and Pet Stock Association held a very successful exhibition at London, Ont., January 10th to 13th. Some 1200 birds were on exhibition, and in some of the classes the specimens were of unusual merit. The most notable feature of the exhibition, to one from the States, was the number and excellence of the exhibits in the Dorking and Polish classes. In the former, some seventy-five birds were on exhibition, and as we looked them over we could not restrain an expression of wonder that these fowls are not raised more extensively in the States. Certainly in beauty of feathers and carriage, in size of body and excellence of flesh as well as in the production of eggs, these birds compare most favorably with any, and would seem to be the ideal general purpose fowl. We were assured by a number of those who raised them and had also extensive experience

with other birds, that they are as hardy as any. Why then should not our farmers introduce them more fully? The Polish in all classes were very fine, each showing its peculiarity of feathering and color to a remarkable degree. The colored Wyandottes and Plymouth Rocks were well represented, but we think they hardly equaled those exhibited in the States. The white strains of both these breeds were represented by a few good specimens. In Asiatics, the Brahmans were not up to our American exhibits but Cochins were in large numbers and better quality, and Leghorns both brown and white, were in large numbers and of very fine. There was a large exhibit of pigeons. The society holds its next exhibition at St. Catharines. We were glad to note that the first premium birds in Partridge Cochins, Black Spanish and Dorkings, were sold to go to Michigan.

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Poetry.

ENTRE ACTES REVERIES.

Between the acts while the orchestra played
That sweet old waltz with the lilting measure,
I drifted away to a dear dead day
When the dance for me was the sum of all
pleasure:
When my veins were rife with the fever of life
When hope ran high as an insouciant ocean,
And my heart's great gladness was almost mad
ness
As I floated off to the music's motion.
How little I cared for the world outside,
How little I cared for the dull day after.
The thought of trouble went up like a bubble
And burst in a sparkle of mirthful laughter.
O! and the beat of life, oh! and the sweet of it,
Melody, motion, and young blood melted;
The dancers swaying, the players playing,
The air song-deluged and music-petted.
I knew no weariness, no, not I!
My step was as light as the waving grasses
That flutter with ease on the strong armed
breeze,
As it wafted over the wild morasses.
Life was all sound and swing, youth was a per-
fect thing.
Night was the Goddess of satisfaction,
Oh, how I tripped away, right to the edge of day,
Joy lay in motion, and rest lay in action.
I danced no more on the music's wave;
I yielded no more to its wildest power.
That time has flown like a rose that is blown,
Yet life is a garden forever in flower.
Though storms of years have watered the years
Between a little day and that day departed,
The trials have met me, and grief's waves wet
me,
And I have been tired and trouble-beated,
Tho' under the sod of a weedy grave
A cat sweet hope in darkness perished,
Yet life to me is a cup worth drinking
A gift to be glad of and loved and cherished,
There is deep pleasure in the slower measure
That time's grand orchestra now is giving.
My mellowed minor is sadder, but finer,
And I feel grows daily more worth the living.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

WE BUILD THE LADDER.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we climb to the summit round by round.
I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God—
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a grander view.
We rise by things that are under feet:
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposited and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ill that we hourly meet.
We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light;
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.
We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the reach of mortal things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.
Wings for the angels, but feet for the men;
We may borrow the wings to find the way;
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire and pray,
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.
Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart, and the vision fades,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of shades.
Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we climb to the summit round by round.
—Dr. J. G. Rolland.

Miscellaneous.

TWO TO ONE.

"Ha, Miss Floyd, nothing wrong with you, eh? You really set a magnificent example to your sex—no, no, I won't sit down; must have my constitutional, you know. I hope your mother is not ill!"
"Oh, I guess she's feeling rather bad. She's been down stairs quite a long time; but she's got a dozen lemons, anyhow, so she'll do," was Mamie G. Floyd's most unflattering reply.
Old Dr. Stuart toddled away, and Mamie G. Floyd nestled back more comfortably on her deck chair, perched her pretty little head cozily on the pink-hued cushion, without which she never traveled, and then gave herself up to an interesting story which possessed the distinct delight of making her "creep little maid." She was almost alone in her glory, for the Griselders had only steamed out of New York city the evening before, and such ladies as were on board were too nervous or too ill to face a decidedly rough morning on deck. Miss Mamie had come to the end of her book; and when at last she closed the volume, and had recovered from the last creep, she found herself the sole occupant of the lee-side, with a heavy rain soaking the awning, and the long row of empty deck chairs for her only companions.
"Well, this is lively, anyhow," she mused distantly; "next day I suppose I am going to pass the how six days. Even ma is better off than I am; she has the lemons and the uncertainty, while I—"
Miss Mamie struggled a yawn, and then all of a sudden she was very wide awake. Away at the end of the deck she detected two figures, one slender and graceful, despite the hideous mackintosh that covered it, the other a very tall, broad-shouldered man, who was distinctly familiar to Miss Mamie, and at sight of whom she pursed up her pretty lips and emitted a soft whistle.
"Jack Dudley, by all that's queer!" she remarked to herself. "I guess ma will have a fit when she finds this out. Up to his old games, I suppose. Looks like it."
But at that moment the female figure vanished, and Mr. Dudley came striding along the wet deck, his collar well turned up, and his hands deep in his pockets.
"Miss Floyd! you here? I—what a surprise!"
"Quite a long time since we met, isn't it, Mr. Dudley? No, don't take off your cap, you'll get your head wet, and that will serve no purpose, anyhow."
Jack Dudley laughed, and shook himself like a big Newfoundland dog.
"One wet inch more or less, what does it matter?" he said, as he sat down on the empty chair near her, and looked at her with much admiration expressed in his dark blue eyes; "but it's a very different thing for you. Are you wise to stay out here, Miss Floyd? Your rug is soaked through."
"I like it," was the reply; and in the face of this there was nothing more to be said, Jack Dudley having learned by ex-

perience that whatever Miss Mamie G. Floyd desired to do, that she did.
There was a considerable silence after this, broken at last by her.
"Well," she observed, sharply, "have you nothing to say, Ja—Mr. Dudley?"
"Nothing at all, Ma—Miss Floyd."
Miss Mamie prodded viciously at the chair with her dainty little feet.
"Who are you fooling round with now?" was her next question.
"Am I to understand by that that you allude to my former engagement as 'fooling round'?" was the reply, given very mournfully.
"If so, you very—"
Miss Mamie laughed. "What an actor you are, Jack, old stage."
"How did you know I had ever been on one?" he asked eagerly.
"I saw you in Chicago a while back, and I just enjoyed myself, I can tell you! That was the first and last time I have seen or heard of you since—" and Miss Mamie finished abruptly.
A certain look of relief flashed into Jack Dudley's eyes; then it changed to one of sadness and admiration mingled.
"You used to be kind to me once, Mamie," he murmured softly.
A bright flush covered Miss Floyd's plump face; her brows contracted a little and her lips tightened.
"Don't you think the less we discuss the past the better?" she said; and with that she sat upright and began to unfurl her rug.
"I guess I'll go down a while now," she observed in her easiest tones. "Will you please give me a hand here, Mr. Dudley?"
The hint conveyed in her first words was not lost on Jack Dudley, and as he carefully unwrapped her and helped her to progress along the slippery deck, his manner was only that of the conventional stranger who offers assistance to a fair damsel in need of help.
Miss Mamie G. Floyd found her mother in the hands of the stewardess, uttering loud cries of alarm as the ship gave an occasional lurch, but otherwise in robust health.
"I guess I won't spring Jack on her just yet; she feels badly enough as it is; and, after all, I am quite able to take care of myself, and I know just how much that young man is worth. If I don't, I ought to; I had experience enough for any girl."
Miss Mamie removed her wet garments, took a farewell glance at her chestnutting bang and marched away to luncheon with an appetite that provoked a wonder in her mother's breast, a wonder accompanied with a shudder.
She cast her sharp eyes round the saloon for that female figure who had shown herself for a moment on the deck with Mr. Dudley, but, though there were one or two of her own sex possessed of sufficient temerity to brave the luncheon table, Miss Mamie soon decided she was not there.
"It will be kind of quiet watching Jack flit with some other girl and fool her as he flitted me," she thought, as she discussed the good things. "My! what an idiot I made of myself. I guess he'll have to be very sharp to get the best of me again in a hurry. How well he wears! I wonder what he uses for his moustache? It is simply heavenly, that color."
"Are you going to venture on deck again this afternoon, Miss Floyd? If so, will you let me make you comfortable? I have found the snugest corner in the world, where neither wind nor rain nor spray can reach," said Mr. Dudley, when lunch was over.
"That so? Then I'm there. I'll only be one minute."
Really she spent a very pleasant afternoon and was quite astonished when the first gong went for dinner. Jack had made her cry, and had amused her with endless anecdotes of his daily life and career since the memorable day when Mr. Hiram P. Floyd, Jr., had suddenly shown him his door of the mansion on Fifth avenue and his position as *fiance* to Miss Mamie had come to premature end. To some people this unexpected meeting with an old lover might have been both painful and disagreeable; but neither Mr. Dudley nor Miss Mamie appeared to experience any discomfort. With one mind they banished the past and gave themselves up to the more agreeable present.
It was not until Miss Floyd was safely tucked in her berth that night, where neither her mother's audible groans nor the noise of the distant screw combined could rob her of her sleep, that she realized exactly what she had been doing.
"I suppose Hiram would just about smash me if he knew I had been even decently civil to Jack; but as he won't know, I needn't trouble my head about it. Seems such a pity," she mused dolefully, "that Jack is such an awful black sheep. I wonder if that old story was quite true? Hiram swore it was, of course, and Jack didn't defend himself; well, but then it is an awkward thing, I guess, to have to prove you ain't a thief and haven't swindled your best friend. He does not look like a thief, especially with that lovely moustache. I half wish that I—"
But Miss Mamie's wish, whatever it was, was lost in dreamland, and when she awoke the next morning all trace of romance had left her mind.
"He will just do to carry my things and look after me. One must have somebody, and, of course, if ma will insist on crossing at this beastly time of year, one is glad to find anybody decent, whether one knows him to be a thief or not."
Fortunate it was for Mrs. Hiram P. Floyd's peace of mind that she remained in total ignorance of who her daughter's companion was on deck, or it is doubtful whether even the dread of a sudden and awful collapse would have restrained her from rushing up to protect her progeny.
This state of affairs continued for three days, while very bad weather raged, and during this time Miss Mamie and Mr. Dudley had the deck almost to themselves.
On the morning of the fourth day, however, Dr. Stuart was seen gallantly assisting a fair and very evident sufferer up the companion stairs.
Quick as lightning Miss Mamie discovered Jack's companion of the first day, but, beyond raising his hat, Mr. Dudley evinced no further desire to leave her side and to approach the other lady, although by and by he rose on some pretense of writing a letter, and went below.
Miss Mamie was by nature conversational and also sympathetic. She pitied the poor creature whose pale face testified to the

misery she had been and still was enduring, and when Dr. Stuart in a few confidential words informed her that he had discovered the young lady to be quite alone and evidently in great trouble, Mamie's warm heart went out to her sister traveler in the impetuous way her mother and brother so frequently deplored.
In five minutes the two women were friends, and Miss Mamie decided that Dr. Stuart had not been wrong when he had said that Miss Elliot was very desolate, very sad and very poor. She did not even possess a rug, and was covered with a thin flimsy shawl, until Mamie sent the deck steward for some of her manifold wraps, and despite Miss Elliot's protestations, had her swathed in them until she resembled nothing so much as a mummy.
When the luncheon gong sounded Mamie had determined that for the rest of the voyage, at any rate, Miss Elliot should have real care and attention. She informed Mr. Dudley of this, and tried to enlist his ready sympathy. To her surprise Jack was slow to give it.
"I don't—if you will allow me to presume to advise you, Miss Floyd—I don't think you should allow yourself to become too intimate with this lady. One never knows what that sort of thing leads to. Besides, it is rather strange, you know, traveling alone with no rugs or—"
"Perhaps, if you were a poor governess who had been shamefully treated you would have to travel alone, and might not be able to afford rugs. As if that made any difference!" was Miss Mamie's retort.
Jack Dudley said no more, only he managed to express an extraordinary amount in the glance he gave his fiancée, which Mamie had the effect of discomposing Miss Mamie just a little.
"I suppose I'm doing the wrong thing in letting Jack be so intimate, but I can't help myself; it's only for one week, and it doesn't hurt anybody as long as they don't know. Fanny he should not be kind about that poor thing—she's pretty enough to get any man's pity!"
Miss Elliot certainly was pretty; there was a pathetic, wistful look in her dark brown eyes that won her immediate sympathy and admiration. All the passengers had a kind word for her, and she was voted a charming modest, simple creature.
Miss Mamie tried to awaken an interest for her protégée in her mother, but this was in vain. Mrs. Hiram P. Floyd could think of no one but herself, and her ailments, and since the weather continued a trifle boisterous refused absolutely to stir from her comfortable berth. Miss Elliot had made several pretty little offers of assistance to this suffering lady, but Miss Mamie only shook her head.
"Best leave her alone. We can't do her any good; she would have a fit of hysterics if she were to see such big waves."
"Dr. Stuart tells me he shall be at Queenstown to-morrow," said Miss Elliot after a pause.
Miss Mamie looked at her sharply. "Are you glad or sorry?" she asked in her abrupt way.
The other gave a little sigh, tears were filling her eyes, and her lips quivering. "I should have been glad once, but now there is no one to greet me. I am all alone, not even a friend left."
"I guess you're wrong there; you've got me."
Miss Elliot turned impulsively. "Ah! how can I thank you? How good you have been! You are an angel!"
Miss Mamie tried to laugh at this, but somehow she felt wretched. It seemed to her dreadful to contemplate an existence utterly alone, and then Jack's eyes would follow her, and down at the bottom of her heart there lived an uneasy sensation which was not to be clearly defined. She consoled herself whenever a quail of conscience followed on the thought that she was deceiving her mother by remembering for the last three days she had rarely spoken to Mr. Dudley alone, and that consequently her conduct was not so reprehensible as it might have been.
That evening she and Gladys Elliot sat together in her cabin, and with a view to assuage the English girl's promptness, it must be said, by the evident desire shown by Miss Elliot to be permitted a glimpse of the other's treasures, the American produced all the pretty contents of her cabin trunk, and spread out her numerous jewels.
"I guess they're pretty enough," Miss Mamie allowed, as she broke into loud exclamations of admiration. "This," lifting up a pendant of brilliants, "this was a gift from Mr. Biddulph. I'm going to marry him, you know. Now I think you've had enough of this stuffy place; let us go up on deck."
Miss Elliot watched her hastily throw the little leather cases into the traveling bag with deep interest. "Is that quite safe," she asked, eagerly. Miss Mamie showed her the lock. "Quaint, isn't it, and awfully simple? But, you see, no one could open it unless they knew just how."
Upon deck Miss Elliot and Mr. Jack Dudley came together in the dark for one minute, and it certainly was strange how much two comparative strangers—two, moreover, who expressed such a strong and mutual dislike—had to say to one another before Miss Mamie appeared.
Everything was confusion as the Griselders reached Queenstown. Miss Mamie received a perfect deluge of telegrams and letters, and she went into the ladies' saloon to read them. Scarcely had she entered, however, before she became aware that someone was crouched in a corner weeping, and looking round she discovered Miss Elliot.
In two minutes she had learnt all. Gladys had expected a letter to reach her at Queenstown with some money in it. This letter had not come. Truth to tell, her account of this was so confused and broken that, had Miss Mamie been less excited and impulsive, she might have been a little doubtful, but, as it was, without a moment's hesitation, she walked down to her cabin with much determination. On the way up again she met Jack Dudley.
"I am afraid, after all, that that poor girl is in great trouble," he said, drawing Miss Mamie on one side. "I saw her face just now when the mail came in. Do you know, I believe she has a penny to bless herself with. I—I—it's horrible, and dear, awkward, too. I should like to help her, but you see a man can't do that sort of thing without insulting. I wonder if I mean, look here, dear," that "dear" was a

great shock to Miss Mamie—"will you help me? I have only got my check book with me, but I have written a check for \$25; perhaps we can cash it on board, and then you can offer to lend her the money, and she will never know that I had anything to do with it."
Miss Mamie held out her hand. "Give me the check," she said, quietly; "I will cash it and put your loan with mine; for it's funny, isn't it, but I was just about to do the same thing?" There was a little pause, and then she said, softly, "I knew you had a real good heart all along, Jack," and with that she went away.
It was with some difficulty Miss Mamie induced Gladys Elliot to accept the loan of so large a sum, but by dint of coaxing and common sense argument she succeeded at last, and the envelope inclosing the bank notes was slipped into the other's hand.
As soon as she was alone, Miss Mamie unfolded Jack's check. "For five-and-twenty pounds," she read, and somehow the writing became blurred all at once. "And that's the man Uncle Hiram kicked out and called a thief! I guess he made a mistake and so did I. I'll go and speak to Jack this very minute. Suppose I am going to marry Mr. Biddulph, there's no harm in saying I'm sorry to an old love!"
But fate, in the form of her mother, appeared at this juncture and prevented her. There must be a letter written at once to go off by the tender and catch the next steamer outward bound. Mamie must write it without delay. Despite her daughter's protests that it was too late, Miss Mamie had to obey, and then rushed on deck in time to see the tender half way to land, and to learn by the motion of the Griselda that her engines were hard at work again.
"Never mind, now I can find Jack," she determined; and away she marched on her voyage of discovery. But though she looked till she was tired no sign of Mr. Dudley was visible. Gladys Elliot, too, had disappeared, but that was nothing strange. It was not until she was seated at dinner that Miss Mamie heard the startling intelligence that Mr. Dudley and that poor, pretty Miss Elliot were among the few passengers who had embarked at Queenstown; and while the truth that she had been shamefully "done" was slowly but surely creeping into her mind, Miss Mamie made another discovery, one even more unpleasant to realize than the first. As she was seated in her cabin, trying to puzzle out the mystery, she was suddenly confronted with the sight of her travelling-bag wide open, staring at her defiantly from the berth. In an instant she knew the worst. Every single jewel was gone, and in their place was a little note, which, when she read it, left her utterly speechless and pale to the lips:
DEAR MISS FLOYD—The smartness of your nation is proverbial, but when your brother kicks your next admirer out of door, let him be warned as to after results. I have waited some time for my revenge; it has come at last, and I may add, come in the pleasantest fashion possible. My wife, Gladys Elliot Dudley, and myself being decidedly reduced in circumstances, have to offer to you our most grateful thanks. Your jewels will keep us comfortably for a long time, while the money you were kind enough to lend us will not come amiss. Altogether you will allow that not even your self could have done the trick better. Doubtless you will institute some sort of proceedings against us, but as we have nearly "paid" our debt, we may give you some trouble. Trusting your marriage may be a happy one.
I remain, your obedient servant,
JOHN DUDLEY.
P. S.—Of course, I need hardly add that I have no banking account, and that therefore my cheque is worthless.
One hour had Miss Mamie G. Floyd sat gazing at this letter, and then with determination she tore it to atoms and threw it out of the open port. "No," she said; "I'll do nothing. It serves me right, and as I don't want to hear everybody tell me as I'll hold my tongue about the affair. The paltry hundred pounds they are welcome to, though it's awkward about the jewels, but I must make that all right with Paul Biddulph."
Miss Mamie paused for an instant after this. "The next voyage I take," she then observed slowly, "I guess I'll stay below with ma and the lemons."
Hindoo Abstemiousness.
There is no abstemiousness in the world, and no thrift, like the thrift and abstemiousness of the average native of India. Almost alone among the workmen of the world, he has raised himself nearly above wants, he has stripped himself of all the impediments of luxury. Millions of men in India, especially on the richer soils and in the river deltas, live, marry, and rear apparently healthy children, upon an income which, even when the wife works, is rarely above two shillings a week, and frequently sinks to eighteen pence. The Indian is enabled to do this not so much by the cheapness of food—for, though it is cheap, a European who ate the same food would want five times the money merely to feed himself—as by a habit of living which makes him independent of the ordinary cares of mankind. He goes nearly without clothes, gives his children none, and dresses his wife in a long piece of the most wretched muslin. Neither he nor his wife pay tailor or milliner, nor do they ever purchase needles or thread, which, indeed, it is contrary to a semi-religious etiquette ever to use.
The poorer peasant inhabits a hut containing a single covered room of the smallest size, with an earthen platform or two outside it, and as he constructs and repairs his own dwelling he virtually pays no rent, except for the culturable land. He never touches alcohol or any substitute for it. There is an idea in England that he eats opium or hemp; but he, as a rule, swallows neither; firstly, because he regards them with much moral antipathy as any English gentleman, and secondly, because he could not by any possibility pay for articles which in India, as everywhere else, are exceedingly expensive. He eats absolutely no meat, nor any animal fat, nor any expensive grain like good wheat, but lives on millet or small rice, a little milk, with the butter from milk, and the vegetables he grows. Even of these he eats more sparingly than the poorest peasant.
Once a quarter, perhaps, he will eat enough, during some festival, but, as a rule, he knows accurately what will sustain him, and would be enraged with the wife who cooks for him if she prepared more. He is assisted in this economy by a religious rule which we have never seen a Hindoo break, and which is undoubtedly, like the rule against killing oxen, a survival from a military law or custom of the most remote antiquity.—*Spectator*.

THE SCARLET CLOAK.

"Tell about the borrower being the slave of the lender! If there's a slave on earth, I'm one to the Pettigrews," and Mrs. Holden hastily laid down her work. "Tilly's coming as usual with a pint bowl, and Pettigrew's grocery's not two blocks off! It does beat all!" "You ought to be accustomed to it by this time, mother," said pretty Winnie Holden, looking up with a smile. "I don't think they can help it—I believe they are uneasy without something of the sort. Last week it was the waffle-iron and the fluter, and this week it's the rolling-pin, and the mouse-trap." A sharp rap at the door was followed by the appearance of an untidy little girl, who announced in a high monotonous voice, that "My ma'd like to borrow nuff ginger put inter a ginger cake an' some pumpkin pies, an' Miss Winnie, mayn't we take your corn popper?"
"Half the buttons gone from her frock, and no buttons to speak of on her boots," said Mrs. Holden, when she had closed the door on the small visitor. "Yesterday it was matches and molasses, and tomorrow it will be eggs and bird-seed. Dear me, were there ever such people in the world before!"
"I suppose we ought to be accommodating," said Winnie, blushing. "Perhaps other people borrow more than we do." "They don't—I mean nice people don't," said her mother conclusively and the two sewed on in silence.
Winnifred Holden was, like other pretty girls, very fond of tasteful clothes, and her desire for them was emphasized by the fact that her means for gratifying her tastes were limited. Her father had been in the hardware business thirty years, and had he possessed business capacity, might have had the best trade in the village. But he was a timid, conservative man, and had never moved from the narrow shop in which he began, though the business center of the village had shifted, and left him on a back street. Mrs. Holden had the rarest and most telling gifts of "faculty" and nothing went to waste in the little brown house, whose snug comfort was the envy of more than one neighbor. Winnie had received a careful education, and wanted to teach, but she had no aptitude for the work, and her father knew it. "You weren't made for it," he said to her. "Stay at home and learn housekeeping and homemaking; your education is not sufficient for you to start out yet."
Winnie obeyed, but her allowance was small, and she often thought longingly of what she might earn, were her father willing. Scarlet cloaks had just come into fashion, and now she never looked into the glass that she did not think how becoming one would be to her dark eyes and hair. Carrie Pettigrew, a red-headed, freckled, plain-faced little thing of fourteen, had one made with a white silk lining and white silk tassels. Winnie felt her deprivation more keenly than ever, and did what she had never done before, asked her mother to observe the coveted garment. "I see it," he said in his quiet way. "A fool and his money soon parted. I'm afraid Carrie'll wish her turkey red cloak a blanket when snow flies."
It was the last day of June, and that evening, Dr. and Mrs. Grannis, the heads of the Dorking Collegiate Institute for Young Ladies, gave a reception to their pupils and patrons. Winnie and her father and mother had received special invitations, and to Winnie it was a great occasion in itself, and because the Doctor's nephew, John Burt, was up from New York, where he had been hard at work at a medical school. She had compassed fresh gloves, and a new fan, besides the new tartan dress she had worked at for a fortnight. There were exquisite crimson roses upon by the dining room door, and creamy ones by the sitting room windows, and with a bunch of these, Winnie thought her toilet would be perfect, if only she had a scarlet cloak in place of her old white shawl. As she stitched the last rows of satin ribbon on her flounces, she slowly came to a decision over something she had debated for days. It was very hard, after that unlucky visit of Tilly for the ginger, but there was the coveted scarlet cloak.
"Mother," she said, when her task was done, and the new dress was carefully laid out on the spare room bed. "I don't believe it would be any harm—if I asked Carrie for her cloak tonight. It will harmonize beautifully with my things, and will just fit me."
"What cloak?" "Why—her red one—the new one—Mrs. Jones made her for her." For an instant Mrs. Holden hesitated, a fact which was not lost upon her daughter.
"I don't blame you for wanting the cloak," she said gravely. "But we can't afford to buy you one—and what your father can't afford to buy—you can't afford to wear. Besides," she added as a sort of vindictive anti-climax, "I never have borrowed of 'em—and I won't begin." About five o'clock an anxious messenger from the parsonage begged Mrs. Holden's immediate presence, as the minister's little boy was very ill. Between a sick child and a reception there was no room for choice to that good woman. "I shall stay all night, maybe," she said hastily, as she rolled up a pair of slippers, a small shawl and an apron. "Now'll help you dress, and I'll stop in and ask the DeLongs to call for you. Your father can't go."
Dorking, though a large village, preserved its simple ways, and after supper, John Burt looked in to say that he had Mrs. Holden's permission to escort his old school-fellow to his uncle's house, and that he would come at exactly eight o'clock. "You're perfectly splendid!" said Nora, when Winnie was dressed. "You have such a swate figure for the flossiness, Miss! I'd be havin' me pink braide made like that now, if I had more shape to me! I'm gettin' more an' more the shape of a raddish wid' every breath I draw." "Nora," said Winnie, with nervous haste, "Go over to Mrs. Pettigrew's, the back way—and ask her to lend me Carrie's scarlet cloak. Tell her I'll be very careful of it." Hiding her astonishment by looking at the floor, Nora started on her errand as if borrowing were one of her daily duties, but she shook her head at the bushes, as she went through the garden. "It's the avil communications, just as Father O'Farrell was tellin' us last Sunday," she said to herself. "It's caught it has, like it war the maybles or the fitch."
As Winnie went down the street at John

Burt's side, she was conscious that all the Pettigrew children, save Carrie and the baby, were gazing at her through the fence, and she heard them whisper one after another between their mouthfuls of molasses and bread, "That's Carrie's cloak!" It was little comfort to her that her companion did not appear to hear them, but talked busily of his work in the hospitals. Every house she passed seemed to echo derisively, "Carrie's cloak, that's Carrie's cloak!"—and she gladly laid it off.
Dr. Grannis lived in a rambling, old-fashioned house, standing away from the road, in a fine oak grove. As the parlors and wide hall were thronged, the younger guests drifted out to the spacious verandas to enjoy the moon, and the quiet chat possible in the shelter of the great stuccoed pillars. The night, though warm, was damp. John Burt was a medical student, and he was fond of Winnie. Noticing her thin draperies, he compelled her to wrap herself in her cloak. The refreshments were in the care of Christopher Cruncher, the best caterer of the city of N., ten miles away; and being a great admirer of the Doctor, he had come to superintend things himself. Pompous, nervous and short-sighted, his presence usually brought such a train of consequences with it, that his chief waiter called him "Old Calamity." This time an evil genius prompted him to carry a tray out on the veranda. Upon it was a large pitcher of coffee, with a little pitcher filled with cream. Hearing the jingle of crockery behind her, Winnie nervously started. Mr. Cruncher started in his turn, struck his long foot against a board which had been warped by sun and rain, and in a moment the scarlet cloak was ruined.
"Your dress is not hurt," said John Burt, as he snatched the dripping garment from her. "I'm not sorry it's this thing, instead of that pretty white shawl I've seen you wear."
"It will cost fifteen dollars to replace it," said Mrs. Holden the next morning when Winnie had made her confession, and they had come to the question of replacing the red cloak. "I really don't know how to ask your father for the money, and we must not wait." "Wad ye believe it mum!" said Nora, putting her curly head in at the door, "Mr. Pettigrew's big grocery's shut up, an' it's failed they're sayin' he has, and ruined entirely." "Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Holden, almost with satisfaction. "It's just what I've been expecting this long while." "The baby's sick—and Mrs. Pettigrew asked me yesterday to let Ann Eliza Markham know that she wants a month's sewing done," said Winnie thoughtfully. "I believe I'll go over there directly, and have this done with."
Mrs. Pettigrew was sobbing and wearily looking a fretful baby, while Carrie was trying to mend a small stocking. "I don't want you to spend a cent," said Mrs. Pettigrew tremulously, when she had heard Winnie's story. "I can't see how it was your fault." "It was all my fault; the fault of my careless disposition, and my weakness for borrowed finery. I hate myself for it!" Winnie was going to say "borrowing," but she closed her sentence nervously by adding—"for being so foolish." "It isn't foolish to love pretty things," quivered the tired woman. "It's few enough my children will have now. I don't want Ann Eliza now. I don't want anything, and she bent over the cradle sobbing, till the baby, finding he could not make her smile by clucking at her with his tiny fist, puckered up his lips and roared too.
"If you don't want to take the price of the cloak, I am going to come and sew for you," said Winnie resolutely. "You shall not lose by me. I can sew as well as Miss Markham, and mamma will advise about the cutting out." "I'd feel paid for the cloak twice over if you'll teach me to sew," said Carrie, lifting her head. "I want to do things." "I'll teach you all I can," said Winnie, bending down and kissing her. For four long weeks, the pleasant part of the summer, Winnie went daily to Mrs. Pettigrew's sitting-room, and made new out of old, and stores of undergarments for the little Pettigrews. But what can be told was not the best part of the work she did. The sense of disaster and failure that clouded the house gave place to a helpful activity. The children woke up to the pleasure there is in warm water and soap, and things in their places, and Winnie's success in making every scrap of cloth useful inspired even the cook to be saving of flour and fuel. Mr. Pettigrew's creditors made a compromise with him, and helped him to go into business again. But even when their prosperity returned, the Pettigrew family never went back to all their ways. They occasionally borrowed, but what Mr. Holden called "Winnie's missionary month" had wrought a great change.
Winnie is Mrs. Burt now, but she never borrows. She is very kind and considerate, and once lent her hand-painted china, but she has never borrowed anything since that June day when she borrowed the scarlet cloak.—*The Examiner*.

A Brilliant Achievement.

It always gives us pleasure to record the successful result of well directed effort in any department of business, especially when that success is backed by merit, and tends to promote the general welfare. Competition in all branches of business at this time is great, and he who by energy, integrity and perseverance takes the lead is certainly worthy of commendation. In this connection we allude to Dr. T. T. of New York, who has achieved a great victory over long established competitors in the introduction of his new world-renowned Liver Pills. In a comparatively short time they have surpassed in a great degree all the other purgatives. T. T.'s Liver Pills have gained a popularity unparalleled. Induced by the medical faculty in Europe and America, they have become a household word on both continents. Why is it? The reason is obvious. They are not worthless nostrums puffed up to deceive the credulous, but are the result of long study and research by a physician of thirty years' experience, of the highest standing in his profession, who values reputation more than money.
Dr. T. T. deserves, and doubtless has, the gratitude of thousands of invalids who have been healed by his medicine. In this age of quackery it is refreshing to know that there is, at least, one who furnishes a remedy prepared on scientific principles, and offers it to the sick conscientiously. We record his success with a feeling of pride which every American should have at the triumph of his countrymen.

SWALLOWED A SPIDER.

A Novel but a Marvellous Cure for Malaria.
"Malaria?"
"Yes, malaria."
"No, sir. I am no more afraid of malaria than I am of you," and as the speaker was at least ten inches taller than the porter, and proportionately broader, his face of that dread malady was probably not so excessive. "I've had malaria, and I've been cured."
"Yes, but a man can have malaria more than once."
"Not if he is cured the way I was. About ten years ago I was living in Indiana, Vigo County, near Terra Haute. In a day a man was regarded as a stranger, till he had drunk about a gallon of whiskey and quinine, and shaken down his bed, three or four times with the ague. I was a rather reticent nature, and I suppose took the climate longer to get acquainted with me than it did the ordinary run of men. For I had to drink about a barrel of whiskey and take whole pounds of quinine before I could get strong enough to shake myself, let alone a bed."
"How was I cured?"
"Well, it was a novel cure. I began with a Mrs. Dennis, who told me she cured me if I would take her medicine. I nally agreed. She brought a towel and bound it around my head so I could not then she brought a glass of water and I took to take my dose, and immediately I loved the water.
"The dose tasted like a little ball of fire, and as it was going down I felt a sharp pain in my throat, as if it had been some ed.
"The next morning Mrs. Dennis brought a little box and showed me her medicine. It was a big, hairy, black spider, alive, and she told me to take it. I swallowed it the day before."
The medicine this gentleman took was malaria, may have been effective, but I would care to try the remedy. Nor is there any necessity for it.
Malaria is a poisoned condition of the blood produced by bad air and water, and enters the blood-channels through the pores of the lungs and other ways, and produces various effects on the liver and kidneys, and is cured by putting the liver and kidneys on perfect, healthy working order. The blood is ordinarily used for such purposes frequently do quite as much harm as good, and with the system in an enfeebled condition, the malaria is a more serious disease, and the liver and kidneys in healthy action, when the poison is carried out of the system, and the serious effects it engenders are removed. J. M. Booth, Springfield, Madras, under date of March 28th, 1887, writes as follows: "One year ago I had the malaria—had it more or less for ten years. I stopped hot and other medicines and took Warner's safe cure, and I cured me. This country is famous for malaria, and I know Warner's safe cure will cure it."
People who live in malarious localities will find in Warner's safe cure a safeguard against contracting this disease. The malarial poison can find no entrance to a healthy system, if the liver and kidneys are kept in healthy action.
The gentleman who swallowed the spider concludes his narrative in the New York Mail and Express by saying: "I was effectively cured, but I would care to take another dose of that medicine to save my life."
How Dimes are Made and Counted.
It is not generally known that the United States Mint, on Fifth Street, is the largest institution of the kind in the world, and is a fact. Just at the present time thousands of thousands of dollars are being shipped to New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis and other eastern cities. The money presses have been for some time running exclusively on coin. The Treasury is so great that these machines division run on that day throughout the grand financial year. The process of dime-making is interesting. The silver bullion is that the metal and run into two-pound bars. These are flattened out to the thickness of the dime. These silver strips are then passed through machines, which cut them into the proper size for the presses, the strips first being treated with a kind of talcum powder to prevent their being scratched in their passage through the cutters. The silver pieces are then put into the feeder of the machine, and are fed to the die by auto-hires machinery at the rate of 100 per second. 45,000 dimes being turned out in a few working day of eight hours. As it is pieces are pressed between the ponderous printing dies they receive the lettered representation in a manner simulating that of a paper pressed upon a form of a very slight degree, and the small corners are cut into its rim. The machine carries drops the completed coin into a receptacle and it is ready for the counter's inspection. The instrument used by the counter is a complicated machine by which he finds a one night suppose. It is a simple more colored tray, having raised ridges run across its surface at a distance apart the width of a dime. From the counter the money is dumped on to a board or tray, and as it is shaken rapidly the counter the pieces settle down into the spaces between the ridges. All these spaces being filled, the surplus coin is brushed back into the receiver, and the counter counts exactly 1,350 silver dimes, or \$125 in the ray, which number is required to fill the spaces. The tray is then emptied them boxes and the money is ready for shipment. The dime does not pass through the wind on er's hands as does the coin of a large denomination. One and one-half grains of silver coins from a dollar down, and the deviation from the standard in the case of the 10-cent piece is so trifling that the trouble and expense of weighing gold is dispensed with. San Francisco Call.
Thousands of people have found in Dr. Sarsaparilla a positive cure for rheumatism. This medicine, by its purifying action, neutralizes the acidity of the blood, which is the cause of the disease, and also builds up and strengthens the whole body. Give it a

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